

THE WORLD.

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The average circulation of the Evening Edition of THE WORLD for the months of March and April, 1888, was 103,714 Copies per Day.

THE HALF HOLIDAY SAVED.

In vetoing the Half-Holiday Repeal Bill Gov. HILL has justified the confidence of the voters who elected him. He has shown himself an Executive with whom men weigh more than money. He has refused to sanction legislation for the money-making class against the money-earning mass.

The reasons given in the Governor's message accompanying the veto are entirely conclusive. The law has not had a fair trial. Its purpose and its operations, so far as tested, still meet the approval of the people for whose benefit it was passed. This was attested by the fifty-two thousand protests against its repeal sent to the Legislature by THE EVENING WORLD.

There is, as the Governor truly says, "no actual necessity for the constant and excessive labor that characterized former days." The working people need and are entitled to time for recreation and pleasure, as well as for rest and worship.

THE EVENING WORLD welcomes the veto with especial gladness. Single-handed among the press, it fought the repeal in the Legislature. Alone it procured and presented to the Governor a large and significant petition for a veto. Its representative made the sole argument before Gov. HILL for the preservation of the Half Holiday intact.

THE EVENING WORLD congratulates the voters on the success of the effort to save the Half-Holiday Law, and in their name thanks the Governor for defending their interests.

AN OLD STORY.

The death of Banker HATCH, under suspicious circumstances, in another man's back yard, is simply a variation of the old story of the danger of poaching.

Men who choose to risk their reputations and lives in this business may find some compensation in the risk, but they meet with little sympathy when the Coroner sits on them.

The straight path is the best.

THE CORNERS CORNERED.

There will be little sympathy wasted on the failed firm of Wm. T. Coleman & Co. in San Francisco.

A grocery firm that has "tried to control the trade in dried fruits, nuts, salmon and bora" challenged and deserved its fate.

It is pleasant to see the corners cornered and the monopolists crushed once in a while.

There is poor encouragement for young ladies to learn "art work," in the story which we print to-day of the wretched pay given for decorative skill in this city. What a pity that household service has been made unbearable to American girls who must work for a living.

The 11 o'clock Extra of THE EVENING WORLD scored another "beat" this morning in printing exclusive news of the HATCH-SCOTFIELD tragedy, the shocking death of MARION SANDS in London, and private information as to the utter collapse of Emperor FREDERICK. It is a way we have.

THE EVENING WORLD'S Newsboys' Baseball nine (with one extra) is ready for the contest. A sketch of their careers and points shows that they are well equipped for defending the renown of New York against the Michigons.

"Willing walkers or none" should be the law at Madison Garden. It is not edifying nor right to keep a poor wretch on the track against his will—stimulating his courage with brandy and making him lively with "ginger."

The stalwart Westerners appear to be getting the best of both the Gothamites and the Hubbits, playing ball on their own grounds. This may not be hospitable, but it is "business."

It isn't an edifying spectacle to see our courts run as rapid-grinding divorce mills to suit the quickly changing matrimonial fancies of actors and actresses.

LITTLEWOOD seems to have fuel enough to keep his steam up.

A Polo Ground Accident.

(From Tid-Bits.)



When Mugsby and Hag—Mugsby simply went in, of the League, met right through Haggin, just after that hot strike they did not stop.

It Is Marshal Lovering Now.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

Boston, May 8.—Gen. Banks to-day turned over the office of United States Marshal to his successor, Henry B. Lovering. Judge Nelson submitted the oath.

TOLD IN FULTON MARKET.

The marketmen say that "Bill" Malone is a boxer from "way back."
"Dick" Marland sometimes requests his customers to speak German.
George Kiley always has a pleasant word to say to people who stop at his stall.
Little Johnny Ferguson, who weighs only ninety-eight pounds, formerly rode race horses.
"Jack" Smith has charge of the "Annex."
The "Annex" is an extensive "cooler."
"Billy" Brown has been wishing since December that he could change his residence, but he can't get a house to suit him.
George W. Higgs, Jr., has visited the markets in twenty-six States. He intends to outdo all the other cities to the way of an ice-box.

LOOK FOR THEM IN THE PARADE.

Policeman Francis Platt has served twenty-seven years.

Sergt. Tiernan was appointed patrolman in 1872. In 1879 he was promoted to his present rank.

Young Capt. McLaughlin has been on the force for twenty-eight years. The last five he has been a captain.

Arthur Horke has been a sergeant twenty years. He was a patrolman six years before he changed his shield.

Sergt. Patrick McNally has had his present rank since 1874. Twelve years before that he entered the service.

The men in the Old Slip station all like Capt. McLaughlin, who, they say, has not forgotten the time when he was in the ranks, and follows the golden rule.

WORLDLINGS.

The Vice-President of the Louisiana Press Association is Mrs. Ella Bonnard Bentley, of Donaldsonville. She is scarcely thirty, is a clever writer and is very popular among her associates and throughout the State.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes a great deal of her poetry while sitting in a rocking chair with a pad of paper in her lap. Very often, too, her black cat perches itself on the back of the chair and gazes gravely down at its mistress while she works in progress.

Frank Solick, the boss bootlicker of Chicago, is able to boast of a bank account of \$3,000. A few years ago he was a newsboy. He saved all the money he earned, invested it in a bootlicking stand, and now stands every chance of having a modest fortune before he is thirty.

Dr. B. L. Ross, of Fort Valley, Ga., has many interesting relics but none that he prizes more than a small piece of metal which was once a part of the cannon which James Oglethorpe brought with him when he came from England to plant a colony in the American wilderness.

Mrs. Ella F. Young, Assistant Superintendent of the Public Schools of Chicago, is the only lady who has the honor of holding a like position. She was educated in the Chicago schools, is a lady of superior refinement and cultivation and is in every way qualified for the duties pertaining to her position.

Hazleton Compton, of St. Joseph, Mo., was ten years old last Tuesday and the St. Joseph Board of Trade gave a banquet in honor of the event. He is a hale old man, walking erect with a brisk step. He uses neither tobacco nor liquor, having stopped using the weed about seven years ago.

Marietta Holter, the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife," is said to be the worst penwoman of all the women engaged in literary pursuits. Her manuscript is described as almost as unintelligible to ordinary readers as a Chinese puzzle, and it is even said that she cannot read it herself after the ink has dried.

James McMullin, of Ballard County, Ky., was a friend and companion of Davy Crockett and went on many bear a hunt with the famous pioneer. McMullin is now 112 years old, having been born in the year of the Declaration of Independence. He is still a man of some vigor and his faculties are well preserved.

Some phenomenal fortunes have been made of late years in the Pennsylvania oil fields. That of William Phillips, of Newcasle, for instance, which amounts to \$4,000,000, has all been made since 1879. Vandergrift, of Pittsburg, has taken \$5,000,000 out of the oil fields since 1878, and a dozen men could be mentioned who have made a million or more in the same time.

WINGED WORDS OF POLITICS.

The following stray bits of conversation were overheard by an EVENING WORLD reporter last evening at an uptown hotel and resort of politicians.

"Dick Croker wouldn't take the Police Commissioner's office."

"Police Justice P. Gavan Duffy was not disappointed because he was not named as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court."

"Police Justice Maurice J. Power told President Cleveland he would make a mistake if he placed Minister Phelps on the Supreme Court Bench."

"Tim Campbell received a letter from a relative in Ireland. It was addressed to Tim as a member of the American Parliament."

"Let us go in and have a drink."

"That beer is dead."

"You are the man to bury it."

"Have you seen Eddie Cahill to-night?"

"There goes a good combination—Tom Grady, Ambrose Purdy, Col. Fellows, Charley Brooke and George Crocker."

"I would call it a full hand."

"There is a kick about the re-nomination of S. S. Cox."

"What is the matter?"

"His present constituents want him transferred to his old district."

"Tim Campbell won't have that."

"Alderman Dowling is looking for a picture of Mayor Hewitt's father's store."

"I have heard. The Alderman says that the old shop was ornamented with the symbol of the lion and the unicorn."

"What kind of a corn is that?"

"Give it up."

"If that new ballot law gets through the Senate and Gov. Hill signs it, good-by to the machines."

"You are right. It will stop the hiring of workmen and the bribery business."

"Who would know how a fellow voted? He would take your \$5, go into a compartment and select any ticket he chose to."

"Do you mean to say that the bill compels a voter to get the ballots from an election officer and go into a cubby-hole all by himself, select his tickets and then vote?"

"I do."

"I am against that law. An election district captain would lose his occupation."

"Whoever saw a lobbyist in Albany during the summer?"

"The people ought to fire 100 guns as soon as the Legislature adjourns."

"I will bet \$10 that Mayor Hewitt will not be a delegate-at-large to the St. Louis Convention."

"Grace is not a candidate for Governor. He has his eyes set more on the City Hall."

"Who changed that petition for the appointment of Col. Roberts as Minister to Peru?"

"Was it changed?"

"Why, yes; Grace wanted Roberts to go to Peru. Flynn or some other fellow scratched out Peru and put in Chili instead. The petition was for Chili when President Cleveland received it. He followed Capt. Phelan's Grace made."

MURDERER SHOWS ESCAPES FROM JAIL.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

PHILADELPHIA, May 8.—A despatch from Lebanon announces the escape from the jail there of William Showers, who was under death sentence for murdering his two grandchildren.

SPARKS FROM FIRES.

OR,

How They Affect Different Men.

By

Samuel Langhorne

Chief of Fourth Battalion, F. D. N. Y.

CONCLUDED.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

HE amusing fact came in when I afterwards heard that this man, who belonged to a company not in my battalion, and who had chanced to be passing by the place at the time of the fire, sent in an account of his "rescue," and I was told was entered in the "Roll of Merit."

Considering there was not the slightest danger and the child could have walked downstairs quite comfortably by herself, it did not seem worthy a very large laurel-wreath.

Sometimes they won't come down when they ought to. This is especially true of women. A woman shows up in time of danger in very different ways. Some of them are so cool and plucky and act with such sense that a man may well envy them. But oftentimes a woman will faint at the sight of a fire which a pair of water would have extinguished by one well-directed dash.

On East Broadway, below Engine-House No. 9, there was a building, the lower floor of which was used as a synagogue and the upper stories for dwelling rooms. The house was in flames, and at one of the upper windows was a fat woman considerably on the shady side of fifty years. She was screaming away in some language I did not understand. I could see, however, that she would not avail herself of the firemen's assistance to get down. She would shove them away, indignantly uttering some shrill protest. The crowd below watched her with a great deal of interest to see how it was going to turn out.

At one of the windows was a fat woman. When she pushed away the fireman and screamed out something I saw a dark-complexioned fellow near me prick up his ears and listen attentively to catch what she said. Then he burst into a fit of laughter.

"What is it she is saying?" I asked of him.

He was laughing so at the great fat creature that he could not answer at first, but finally he managed to get out:

"Why, she says she won't go down the ladder because the firemen are down there and they will see her legs!"

The fire was extinguished before any harm was done, but if it had not been put out it was doubtful if she would not have remained there and let her legs be cremated sooner than run the risk of exposing those members to the irrelevant glance of the crowd in the streets below.

A young fireman who has left the department would have to take a stout woman from the fourth to the third story on a scaling ladder. He was a plucky fellow, but more courageous than he was prudent. I think he would certainly have been killed some time if he had remained in the Fire Department.

The scaling ladder is made with projecting bars of iron at the top, about 2½ feet long, which have a bend at the end, so that if the ladder slips this may catch on the window-sill and hold.

The ladder did slip while the fireman was taking the fat woman down. Their combined weight was a pretty heavy strain upon the ladder. So severe, in fact, that although it did not slip or break from the window, it was badly twisted by the wrenching it got that it had to be sent to the repair shops to be straightened out before it could be used again.

On another occasion, when there was a fierce fire raging, I found a man with a child in his arms and another in the room. He would not leave. I expostulated with him to induce him to do so, but it was in vain. He tried to prevent my getting the little one out of the room. I had to actually use force, and all I could command, too, before he could be pushed out and dragged away. He was a strong man and fought to prevent my getting him and the children out of the blazing house. I suppose he was out of his mind with the excitement. There was no other way of accounting for his insane conduct.

There was a fire in a flat on Fifty-third street. I went in with the line along the passage, then turned to my right, and after going a little way turned again. The room where the fire was had the door shut. We broke it in and dropped to the floor. The flames leaped out, as they do when a door is opened in this way, but they went over our heads. As soon as we got the stream on the corridor filled with smoke and steam. We kept near the floor and crawled along, feeling our way by the hose, which was a good guide to the way out. When I got out somebody said to me:

"There is a man in there. He went in a few minutes ago."

Just then something came rolling down the stairs, and a moment after the man appeared.

"What did you go into the building for, when it was so full of smoke?" I asked him.

"That was a pretty dangerous thing to do," I only had to go to the first story, and I

thought I could do that without any great risk. My wife had nearly \$100,000 worth of diamonds there, and I didn't want them to be lost if I could help it. But when the smoke got so thick I had to get. When I came to the stairs I rolled down. I thought that was the safest way to get out. I didn't hurt myself any to speak of, and it was a good deal better than being suffocated. But I didn't get the diamonds. Now that the fire is out they're all right, however.

A hundred thousand dollars is a big sum, and I suppose there are plenty of men who would run the risk of losing their lives to save such an amount. Fires act on different people in different ways, as these instances show.

MARION SANDS KILLED IN LONDON.

His Horse Fell and Rollovered on Him in Rotten Row and He Lived but Two Hours.

(SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE WORLD.)

LONDON, May 8.—Marion Sands, a wealthy American resident, who married the niece of Levi P. Morton, was killed last night on Rotten Row by his horse falling and rolling on him. He lived only two hours after the accident.

Mr. Sands was about forty-eight years of age, and was well known among the club-men of this city. He was a member of the Knickerbocker Club. He retired from business some years ago on the dissolution of the wealthy firm of R. Sands & Co., importers and dealers in drugs, &c.

Mr. Sands had spent a great deal of his time abroad and only occasionally paid a visit to New York. His first wife was a Miss Minton, sister of Robert B. Minton. She died a few years after the marriage, and in 1872 Mr. Sands married Miss Hartpence, of Philadelphia, a niece of Levi P. Morton. The marriage took place in Fairport, New York, the residence of Mr. Morton. Deceased leaves a son by his first marriage and a son and daughter by his second marriage. His second wife was married with him in London when he met with the fatal accident.

Despatches to his relatives in this city announce that he never recovered consciousness after the fall of the horse.

DEATH OF LEONE LEVI.

The Famous Italian Financier Breathes His Last in His Sixty-seventh Year.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)

LONDON, May 8.—Leone Levi died last night in this city.

Leone Levi, the famous Italian financier and economist, was born at Ancona, June 6, 1821. He was destined for a commercial career, and went to Liverpool to study English finance and business in 1844. He became naturalized and founded the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, of which he was made Honorary Secretary in 1849. In 1850 Mr. Levi published an exhaustive treatise on "Commercial Law of the World," a second edition of which came out in 1870 as "International Commercial Law."

Mr. Levi's agitation for an international commercial code resulted in England in the passage of two acts of Parliament greatly simplifying the business rules of the three kingdoms. Mr. Levi has published a number of volumes on commercial and industrial questions.

Emperor Frederick Much Worse.

(SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE WORLD.)

LONDON, May 8.—A private message from a high official in Berlin to a Cabinet Minister says:

"Emperor Frederick is very much worse than the published reports indicate. His mind is completely gone and only physical life remains."

MUSIC IN THE CHURCHES.

Mr. Henry Belden will be organist and director at the First Presbyterian Church. The choir will be a quartet. Congregational singing will also be a feature.

There will be no change in the fine quartet at the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Madison avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-first street, where Miss F. M. Spencer is organist.

The Church of the Covenant will not engage its choir till the autumn, when the new pastor, Rev. Mr. Stalker, will enter on his duties. The organist will be Mr. William R. Chapman, the present one.

The Broadway Tabernacle choir is as follows: Miss Kate Hicell, soprano; Mrs. L. F. Hardenberg, alto; Mr. Charles H. Clark, tenor; Mr. H. B. Pinsky, bass. The organist, Mr. S. N. Penfield, continues.

At St. Andrew's Church, Harlem, Mr. William H. Holt, a well-known English musician, has been organist since March 1. Forty-two voices make up the supplied choir, and the hymns are also sung by the congregation.

St. Peter's Church, West Twentieth street, has engaged Mr. William C. Hardy as organist. The soloists are Miss Finch, soprano; Miss Buckley, alto; Mr. Noyne, tenor; Mr. Banett, bass. There will be a large chorus also.

The Collegiate Church choir, Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, has engaged the following singers: Miss L. G. Barr, soprano; Miss Josephine Le Clair, alto; Mr. A. P. Silberstein, tenor; Mr. H. B. Pinsky, bass. Mr. E. J. Biedermann is organist.

Mrs. Henrietta Debe Lawton's successor as organist in the West Presbyterian Church is Mr. A. J. Anderson. The other soloists are Mrs. R. Anderson, soprano; Mr. William Denison, tenor; Mr. E. F. Huusnell, bass. Mr. P. A. Schaeffer continues as organist.

The Church of the Holy Apostles has dispensed with its second quartet, and its first, after the changes, is composed of Miss A. S. Rudd, soprano; Mrs. Emily R. Newman, alto; Mr. Albert Pardo, tenor; Mr. Joseph Jewett, bass. The organist, Mr. Charles A. Fuller, remains in his old position.

The Brick Presbyterian Church has a double quartet: sopranos, Miss Louise M. Elliott and Miss M. R. Brainerd; alts, Mrs. F. W. Carpenter and Miss Baynes; tenors, Messrs. H. B. May and E. L. Roy; basses, Messrs. D. Robinson and T. Matthews. Mr. Cery Florio is the organist and director.

The soloists at the Church of the Holy Spirit are Miss Lilian Kompf, soprano; Miss Alice Loderer, alto; Mr. Waitney Moerkrieg, tenor; Mr. Max Heinrich, bass. Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, the former contralto, has gone on the stage. Mr. Harry Fowler, the former organist, is replaced by Mr. Paula Campiglio.

The Church of the Holy Faith, in Harlem, has two distinct choirs, both excellent. The soloists at the morning service are Mrs. Eva Nash, soprano; Mrs. F. V. Coover, alto; Mr. J. G. Davis, tenor; Mr. D. Rembold, bass. The organist is Mr. C. N. Nash. At the evening services the quartet is Miss Edith Coover, soprano; Miss Thompson, alto; Mr. Neulotte, tenor, and Mr. Lascie, bass. Miss Bratham is organist.

The Church of the Divine Paternity will make a good showing with the following talent: Mme. L. E. de Carlo, soprano, formerly of St. Stephen's Catholic Church; Mrs. Helen Luddington, of the National Opera Company, contralto; Mr. Andrew W. Edlie, tenor; Mr. Emil Sanger, from the Metropolitan Opera Company, bass. A boy choir of twelve voices and a violin and a harp, as instrumental features of the Sunday evening services, will also be employed. Mr. Louis Berge will be the organist.

SLAVES OF THE PALETTE.

ONE THOUSAND SKILFUL FEMALE ARTISTS EARNING STARVATION WAGES.

Able After Spending Long Years and Much Money for Their Education to Make \$3 a Week by Working from Sunrise to Sunset—Oil Paintings at a Few Cents Each—The Secret of Hand-Decorated Cards.

The odds against women in the everlasting struggle for bread has been illustrated many times by THE EVENING WORLD. In no sphere of life is the inequality more strongly exemplified than in the work done by female artists of this city.

Young women in whose education in art hundreds of dollars have been spent, and who have been finally graduated skilled in the use of the palette and brush, find their dearly bought education of absolutely no value to them.

The maid of the kitchen can command from \$10 to \$20 a month and board. Ordinary laborers expect \$2 a day, yet there are in this city something like one thousand women, ranging in age from eighteen years upward, who can with the brush wave sweet poems in color, or reproduce dainty beauties of nature in all their glory, but who are unable to get even a decent livelihood.

This is not because they can find no work or are insufficiently employed, for they toil from earliest light till dusk.

There are a dozen firms in the city that manufacture articles ornamental, useful, and both from ivory, imitation ivory or celluloid and other light materials, and they are the employees of these thousand women.

The chromo business card having run its course and become an absolute nuisance, the dealer in novelties sought for new attractions. And hand-painted perfume sachets and holiday cards were the rage. They were done in water colors and were immensely popular for a time.

Then followed the same goods done in more enduring oil, and artists skilled in reproducing miniature landscapes, bouquets and single flowers upon silk velvet, cardboard and every found exceedingly profitable employment in this field.

But the inevitable followed. Schools teaching this branch of art work as a specialty sprang up in all the larger cities of America and Europe and pupils were soon numbered by the thousand.

There were many dabblers, but not a few confined to the work for years. The result is that thousands of people are able to produce creditable work.

Consequently the enterprising maker of advertising devices began the manufacture of oil-painted dinner cards and hall programms. Annual announcement or opening cards became works of art. Business firms presented their customers on Christmas or New Year or Easter with all manner of little gifts adorned with the handiwork of the artist.

Cigar cases with delicately painted clusters of violets, pansies or lilies of the valley; card cases, purses, sachets, and a hundred other things all adorned in this way, became favorite mediums for the dealer's expression of the appreciation of the trade of his customers.

And the young woman who had devoted years to careful study, found that in order that these things should be made cheap enough to give away by the gross, she had to abandon the work of her hands and to be contented as the result of her education, and that she could not earn a decent living with her brush and brain and skill and art.

THE EVENING WORLD has recovered a number of samples of one branch of this work, ranging in size from a narrow book-mark to a panel eight by twelve inches. One of these samples is a memorandum book for the vest pocket. It is bound in celluloid covers, backed with sheepskin, and bears the legend:

Compliments of Smith, Robinson & Jones, 995 to 999 Fifth Avenue, New York.

It is in two colors, and for painting this inscription a man who has had years of experience in the work of the artist can turn out about sixty of them in a day. A celluloid book-mark bears on one end a landscape, with a waterfall in the foreground.

THE WORK OF THREE WOMEN. This is encircled by a band of gold, and peeping from under the edge of the medallion are clusters of daisies. This is the work of three women. There are eleven colors in all. One woman draws the landscape, for which she gets three-quarters of a cent. Another makes the encircling band at the rate of two cents per 100, and a third artist paints the daisies and gets three-quarters of a cent.

None of these women can earn more than \$3 in a week of six long, weary days.

One woman, who spent two years at the Kensington Art Schools and two years in a Belgian art gallery, painted bunches of six single roses, leaves, buds and sprays on 1,000 presentation cards of imitation ivory, every one of which she sold for 10 cents. For the work received \$60, or six cents each. This was a paying job, for she could produce thirteen pictures each day by working from sun up to sundown and taking only ten minutes sleeping.

The spray of blossoms in five colors illustrated in this column is painted beautifully.

A water lily in quiet water on one end of a card, and tennis bats and balls, together with "Compliments of the Lawn Tennis Club, Patchogue," yield 1½ cents per card to three other artists, and the patch of grass on which stand a printed bronze steers as a trade-mark brings a half cent to the maker.